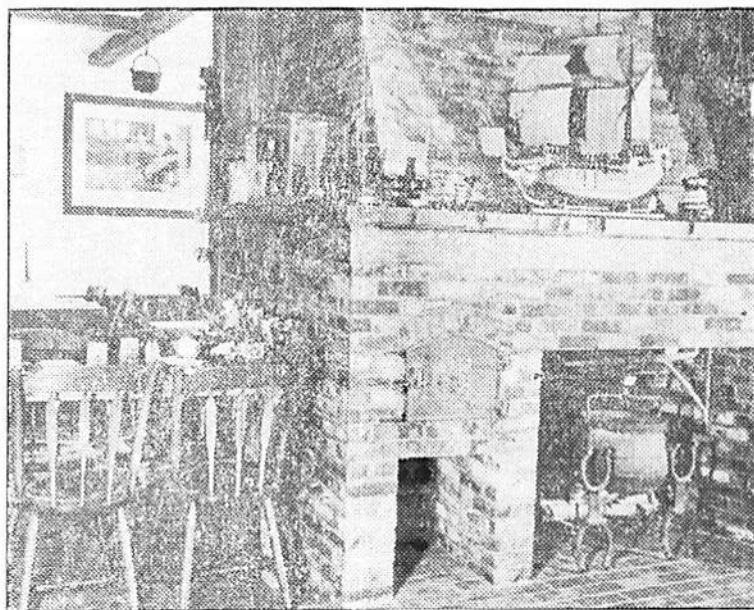


## Winsor House . . . Duxbury



All my life long I have driven back and forth past the old Winsor House which stands on the village hill next door to the Congregational church, facing Duxbury Bay and the ocean beyond. Surrounded by white fences and venerable trees, it has been a landmark since 1800 and, as far back as I can remember, had been deserted. The grass had grown long and poked out between the pickets of the white fence. The gates of the various entrances were all forbiddingly fastened shut, and the fine old house, with all its blinds closed, stood silently waiting through the years.

Duxbury houses were built to last, and the Winsor house had withstood the forces of New England winters, undisturbed and proud. It looked sad and lonely, but never forlorn. The trees grew taller and their huge trunks became covered with lichen. The shingles on its wide graceful roofs were hoary and moss-covered.

I write as an old Duxburyite, jealous of change, when I say it was with great consternation that I noticed one day in 1932 that the blinds were at last thrown open, piles of lumber stood in the yards, the gates were opened wide and trucks stood about the place. Apprehension seized me. What are they going to do to the old Winsor house? Who dares to disturb it? Who, indeed, but the very son of the house, Daniel Winsor himself! I watched subsequent operations somewhat nervously, still slightly resentful lest this stranger, but lately returned from across the sea, might change it and spoil it, might fail to appreciate the house properly.

"It's going to be an Inn!" the news went around.

"An Inn! Good gracious! Who

wants an Inn, of all things, in Duxbury!" (Our now indispensable Inn!)

So, gradually the old house was indeed changed, but changed in ways that brought out more and more of its original dignity and beauty. Fusing the charm of the old tradition with the comfort of the new, nothing has been lost by the improvements, and under the discriminating hands of Marie and Daniel Winsor, Duxbury has seen a real need fulfilled, namely, a village Inn, eminently suited to the old seaport town of its origin. Nothing more fitting, it seems to me, could have been the destiny of the old Winsor mansion.

With an air of long-established authority, there is served on attractive Staffordshire china, food of excellent quality, well served and maintaining an even and dependable standard the full year round. The atmosphere of the house is sincere and cordial. The moment you step inside the door, its pervading warmth invites and welcomes you. The roomy dining-room, paneled in ancient pine and heavily timbered with hand-hewn beams, is quiet and restful. There is not only dignity and beauty in the rooms and furnishings of this fine old house, but there is also something here that many houses of its type necessarily miss. That is, its unassailable authenticity. For here is a splendid old family mansion, where its ornaments, its engravings, its Curry and Ives prints, its clocks, its ship-models, in fact all the things that attract and please your eye and taste, are original with the house, whose son himself, is host and owner.

Daniel Winsor's grandfather was the inventor of the first windlass which was used on ships to hoist the heavy anchors, and there on

one of the many mantels, in one of the many chimney corners, is the original wooden model. Mr. Winsor comes from a long line of ship-owning, sea-faring ancestors, and there is depth and richness in all the traditions of the Winsor House such as cannot be found in any mere collection of antiques.

It is Duxbury's own Inn, patronized by Duxbury people all the year round. I believe it measures up to the true test of a good Inn in the fact that the people who live in Duxbury, in the same village, are to be seen there at all times, year in and year out, as well as the passers-by who, being attracted by the huge swinging signs with their old-time lettering, the big shady lawns and the convenient space for parking cars, find no disappointments in store when they cross the threshold.

The tap-room, with its candle-sconces, its jovial open fire, its massive tavern tables and the genial "Dan" Winsor himself behind the bar, is one of the many features of the house. Here, and in an adjoining room, similarly richly paneled in natural pine, is an atmosphere of friendliness that maintains dignity and goodwill under the kindly eye of the landlord, who guards jealously the good reputation of his bar. The dignity of the house is warmed, but unimpaired by the cheerful conviviality of its tap-room.

In summer an extra dining-room is opened in what was the old carriage house, adjoining the ell, where promptly, but without undue bustle, the touring motorist is served with a good lunch or dinner and may find it pleasant to linger under the shade of the elms where there are comfortable benches.

It is the kind of house that people will always return to and that they recommend to their friends without any misgiving. Such a house has a valuable place in our community, a house as pleasing for a prolonged stay as for a tavern for wayfarers, or a place wherein to entertain unexpected guests when your own house is filled to its capacity, and it is replete with true Duxbury flavor.

Marie and Daniel Winsor are gracious to all, friends and strangers alike, and they make you feel at home and welcome, without taint of professional commercialism, but because of their genuine pleasure in people and their sincere desire to make their guests comfortable and happy, and to send them on their way satisfied, refreshed and rested.

Duxbury is proud of its Winsor House and the pleasant air of stability and dignity and fitness that it gives to our town. Long may it stand and prosper!

M. H.